

BEAR HUNTING NEAR NEW YORK

LAWYER BROWN KILLED THREE IN THE CATSKILLS

And Topped Off the Bag With a Lynx—One of the Bears a Record Breaker for That Part of the Country—First One He Got Shown Fight and Scratched Him.

A man who hunts in a modest way without the use of camera men and a press bureau shot three bears just ninety-seven miles from City Hall Park, New York, a couple of weeks ago. President Roosevelt went about 1,300 miles away from New York and shot one. The modern hunter hopes that he is not a nature faker, but he begs leave to submit that there are more bears up around High Peak and Black Dome in Greene county than in the canyons of Louisiana.

William M. Brown, a lawyer of Newark and vice-president of the Essex Fish and Game Protective Association, is the man who beat the President's record. He didn't go after bears, he was out shooting birds and the bears happened to be among them present, so he gathered them in. One weighed 450 pounds, as duly sworn to by Brown and Moses Hitchcock before Squire Vinson up Greene county way. Another tipped the beam at 283 pounds and the third, a half grown cub, weighed about 125 pounds. The Newark sportsman completed his bag with a "cat," or tufted eared lynx, and now he has the relic of all four of the animals tanned and mounted.

The Newark hunter went up into the Catskills during the last weeks of October with a shotgun; he took his 55 Winchester along because he thought he might run across some lynxes. Where he went Brown, with the hunter's prerogative, declines to say, except that it was in Greene county and that High Peak, the loftiest mountain in the range, was not far away. The chief object of his trip was to go through some of the wild country along the western slope of the Catskills and discover if the partridges and quail were breeding well in the inaccessible covert. For a week he scoured the mountains, shooting only a few birds.

One day after a week in the mountains Brown decided to go up to the top of the highest peak and see what there was there for a soft-shooted bullet. He knew that there might be bears there, because last year he killed one in the thickets, where there are no trails and travelers are scarce.

"It was hard going," said Brown as he sat in his office the other day and thumbed over the photographs of his kill that he had taken. "Black Dome is as wild a place as you can find anywhere in the mountains of the East—all rock and fallen trees and thickets, where you have to tear your way through the brambles and pull yourself up at 45 per cent. inclines by tugging on roots and the branches of maples."

"I was making as much noise going up as a furniture van on a corduroy road and didn't think that any game within a radius of two miles would stay in that vicinity. But just as I was equipping to rest I saw my first bear up through the trees about 300 yards ahead of me. He was standing on a shelf of rock, waving his snout from side to side, evidently knowing that something was in the wind. I made a long crawl through the thicket and got where I could draw a nice bead" behind the shoulder. Then I let him have it.

"The bear toppled over and I pretty nearly broke my neck running up to the rocky ledge where I thought I would find him, but I didn't. There was only some blood and a trail of red leading away through the undergrowth. It was getting dark and I was afraid the bear would get away from me so I pushed through the hemlocks after him, right up and over the top of the mountain.

"It had become so dark I could hardly see, when my way was blocked by a window of fallen trees. I heaved myself over one of the largest and came down with both feet plump on Mr. Bear. Before I could get my balance he was on his haunches and opening out his paws for a hug, but I gave him a quick jab in the face with the butt of my gun and he went down in a death struggle. As he fell one of his hind feet came up and raked my leg, through my heavy canvas knickerbockers and leggings to the flesh. I was mighty glad that bear died when he did."

After making his kill the Newark lawyer had to camp on the spot because it was too dark to find his way down the mountain. He built a shelter of hemlock boughs and turned in. But it was not for pleasant dreams. Brown says that not until one has been up in the heart of the Catskills and seen a night in the open can he realize how much of a wilderness still remains untouched in a crowded land. All about him were noises of the forest porcupines squealing, big owls making delicious hootings and lynxes yowling through the little valleys. All of this is not conducive to slumber, Brown explains.

Next morning the hunter made his way back to the village and had men with a sled come out and drag the big bear back to civilization. As they were crashing through the brush down the mountain the second bear was unexpectedly encountered at no great distance from the spot, where the first bear had been shot the night before. Brown got this one, the cub, just at the moment that the furry black head was raised above a log in surprise. When the drag with the two bears as freight was drawn into the village that Brown had made his headquarters there was a wide ripple of excitement among the local sports. Big Bill, as the Newark man is known among his friends in the Catskills, had been the first man in several years to come into town with two black bears at once.

Brown's last bear he got up near the top of High Peak, at a considerable distance away from the scene of the previous hunting. Snow had fallen on the sides of the mountain, drifting in some places to a depth of two feet. In several places he found the marks of bears' pawings.

"Just as I was clambering over a high window of logs I saw that third bear—the buster of the lot," said Brown as he pointed a proud forefinger at the long black body in the photograph he was showing a New York reporter. "It was the biggest bear I ever saw outside of a menagerie; he seemed as big as a bull moose to me as he stood with his flank toward me rooting for acorns. I took a quick chance and fired."

"He just jumped straight into the air and roared. I got two more bullets into him and he dropped in his tracks. I was as happy as a kid with a new top, for I knew that I had bagged the record bear for Green county."

The big body was in due course dragged down to the village and weighed before half the inhabitants. Then to make things all regular and sportsmanlike Brown and Moses Hitchcock, the village storekeeper, went before Squire Vinson and made affidavit as to the weight and date of the kill.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

Gentleman George Fails to Let Well Enough Alone—But Smithers Keeps His Head.

"I shall try it on, all the same," said Gentleman George Ringgold before the glass. And when he took it he saw four-in-hand to which he referred, that it was a very good one, indeed.

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"Vischer only visited Darlington want at his quiet country home," Jarge argued back. "He ken over from the German school where he had been tucked away since infancy to see his guardian; and as he got his pocket lined he was off on his wretched wild fling."

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"Vischer only visited Darlington want at his quiet country home," Jarge argued back. "He ken over from the German school where he had been tucked away since infancy to see his guardian; and as he got his pocket lined he was off on his wretched wild fling."

"Mrs. Darlington died about this time and the girl, Helen, was at Miss Kataplan's still boarding school. She has been here ever since, she still is there, be the same plesin' token."

"And that is why, Smithers, I won't have to say a word to tell the rheumatic yin in which he has met and wooed Helen Darlington, mostly be signs and glances, with the result that the next afternoon I sat on a second hand sofa, solitary, alone and buried in deep thought."

"Not for long, however. There were merry voices on the terrace above. Priscilla ken (kind steps) to the door. 'My name is Helen,' she said, 'and I am a girl of sixteen. I have been here ever since, she still is there, be the same plesin' token. 'Praps you kin tell me, Miss,' I blurted, staring at the girl. 'My name is Helen, for I know he used to come here in his melancholy strolls—have you seen him? He is that low spirited, he has such powerful smiles. 'Oh, oh, I knew he was, I knew he had,' she cried, coming close, her face changing from a ruby to a pearl at the same touch of care. 'Do you think, do you fear that danger's rears? 'Why not? I answered mournful, 'whin I has suddenly abandoned the puppin of recoverin' his lawful fortune for which I followed him across seas broad and wide; whin even more proud this poor he hides his right name of Bart Vischer. 'Back ken the ruby out from the pearl at the wave of J's enchanted wand. 'Oh, me prophetic heart,' she murmured with her lips pressed close to mine. 'And is Elhu Darlington this secret enemy your poor friend fears? 'Let him fear no more. My father's wan grin of his peaceful and honored old age has been his ignorance of the whereabouts of his ward. 'Don't be an aunder wud; they are calling I must go, but tell me where he is stayin. And then, oh, thin, you shall see. 'I did see, and so did Gentleman George. The next day he set out on a journey, his favorite 'Hamlet,' while I in a respectful manner reinked the seams of his best coat, the traditional heavy father, with a fair on his hand in upon these touching annals of the poor."

"Why didn't you write to me, Bart?" cried old Darlington, looking at me with a look of his buzzin. "A blow on the head while I was engaged with the crowning experiment of life drove all knowledge of you from me, and I thought, 'But fortune is safe, enlarged; the latching hangs out for you and yours. Come home my boy, come home, bringin' the fat'n' of your journey of your travels to share in the darn of better days."

A fine old gentleman, devoted to his child, coryvus to his guests, muddled and divergent to all in spite of his great age, it seemed a regret to the blessed days before the supple to watch his simple interest in Jarge's wooing, his simple joy in Helen's evident attachment for his long missing ward."

Wan wud say that in their blissful union his life would be complete, and that thin he wud be ready and willing to close the game and cash in his cheques without even waging. The Tackerman's injun here, to add some to it. And yit, now and agin, I ken upon Mr. Darlington in a brown study that might well have been black; his great head with its rumpled white mane on his hand; his eyes sombrely burnin' t'rop the heavy thatch of his brows; the furrows above his nose and about his mouth deep and tense; like some old line of the desert, half renegades' the hunter who had hurt him, or that older line, the Spinx, half waking to do the t'ing that sooner or later must be did."

And thin I wud hurry to Jarge and urge him not only to make hay while the sun shone, but to harvest it. In vain. 'Jarge's argumints were bot' ready and strong; his implicit acceptance as Bart Vischer's servants and friends alike old and few; the preparations nearly completed to turn over Vischer's fortune to him; Mr. Darlington's frequent statement that Helen and he shud be his j'nt heirs. The most he wud do was to question the girl about her father's strange accident and mental lars."

Helen did not have much to tell in addition to her artless admissions during Jarge's clandestine courtship. After her father's second marriage she had remained conspicuous at boarding school until summoned home to find old Darlington miserably wretched by disease and death from a violent blow on the head caused by the fall of some apparatus in his laboratory and her young and pretty stepmother dead from the excitement and shock."

Her father's incomplete recovery precluded him from further explanation, and indeed ever since he had been from choice, all rhyerence to the subject. And here it was that Jarge med the mistake of not lettin' well enough alone whin you don't know whedder what lies beyond is good or ill."

"And what was this wondrous invasion your father was busied with at the time?" asked Jarge. "No wans seem to know annythin' about it."

"That brightened with innocent curiosity. 'That reminds me,' she cried, 'to ask paps to show it to us—the most marvellous phonograph in the world, not only repentin' sound exactly but showin' on a little screen beneath the pictures of those who spoke. Adele—she was Jarge's dear stepmother's name, I allus called her Adele—Adele told me about it in the last letter she wrote. He wasn't quite satisfied with it; he was that shy, but about my head du'us."

"I don't, Jarge," I advised, "it's too full of contingencies, as the man said when he tripped on the board full of apes. It is hard enough and to spare to go against the quirk of the ordinary brain, but to take chances with a crank that has been 'appet out of half its ministry.' Lord knows whether pumkinseed or temporary, that is, I will make the blind lead of the blind a clear and certain perdix in a tower in comparison."

He laughed, did Jarge, and preened his flowing mustaches like madden Sarnians tickled with his own shadow. "Tis the leading of the little blind god that I mainly count on," he rejoined. "Come now, Smithers, read to Sybilian lest I waste more."

"As I read the card I had just pulled from the box containing the dilted risks of the C aracter ury Com'n'y as follows: 'Darlington, Elhu. No one can doubt the probity, sufficiency and good will of this distinguished scientist; yet it is submitted that